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METAMORA;

OR THE

LAST OF THE POLLYWOOGS.

A BURLESQUE IN TWO ACTS,

By JOHN BROUGHAM.

BOSTON:
H. W. SWETT,
128 Washington Street, (Corner of Water.)

Price, 13 Cents.

OR,

THE LAST OF THE POLLYWOGS.

A Burlesque,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM,

AUTHOR OF "POCHAHONTAS," "COLUMBUS," "NEPTUNE'S DEFEAT," ETC.

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METAMORA;

OR,

THE LAST OF THE POLLYWOGS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Wood.*

Enter OCEANA *and* WALTER, L. 1 E.

Oceana. "Fathers have flinty hearts." O, what a bore!
Walter. So, my beloved, somebody said before;
But how to soften it fain would I know.
Oce. I, too, indeed; I fear it is no go.
Three times to-day I've dared my daddy's frown —
Wandered forth unattended and alone
To meet my love. And while through yonder wood
I picked my steps, I didn't feel so good:
A hungry bear I saw my steps pursuing,
Which made me think there was some mischief brewing;
He licked his chops, and really seemed to say,
"My duck, I mean to dine on you to-day."
Wal. How did you 'scape the awful danger, dear?
Oce. Well, do not interrupt me, and you'll hear:
Just as my chance of life I'd given o'er,
And thought the bear a most uncommon bore,
The forest echoed with a mighty roar;
And soon I saw before my pathway stand
One of the na-*tyves* of this favored land,
With rifle, belt, plume, moccasons, and all,
Just as you see them at a fancy ball;
His hair was glossy as the raven's wing;
He looked and moved a sort of savage king;
His speech was pointed, at the same time blunt —
Something between a whisper and a grunt.
"Ugh!" said he, "pale-face, why linger here?
Afraid of that ungentlemanly bear?"
"Just so," said I. With that he gave a yell,

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ANGLO-SAXONS.	*Adelphi, Boston,* 1847.	*Federal Street, Boston,* 1848.	*Howard Athenæum, Boston,* 1857.
PAPPY VAUGHAN, (an influential early settler, early settled.)	Mr. D. Whiting	Mr. G. G. Spear	Mr. E. B. Williams
LORD FITZFADDLE, (a highly-to-be-envied individual, who has the honor to die by Metamora's knife.)	" C. Hill	" H. B. Phillips	" F. S. Finn
MASTER WALTER, (not the hunchback, but over head and ears in love,)	" Grosvenor	" H. Watkins	" H. B. Howland
BADENOUGH, (a most unpleasant individual,)	" E. B. Williams	" J. Byrne	" J. B. Adams
WORSER, (much the same, only more so,)	" Adams	" J. L. Munroe	" Walter Gay
OCEANA, (old Vaughan's daughter, a chip of the old block,)	Miss Jane Parker	Mrs. Muzzy	Miss Emma Winthrop
POLLYWOGS.			
METAMORA, (the ultimate Pollywog, an aboriginal hero, and a favorite child of the FORREST,)	Mr. John Brougham	Mr. John Brougham	Mr. John Brougham
KANTSHINE, (a friend, who gives excellent advice, and is treated as all are who do it)	" George Graham	" W. McFarland	
OLD TAR, (Indian Interpreter, from the Junk, half savage, half sailor,)	" W. Parker	" J. B. Phillips	" S. D. Johnson
WHISKEETODDI, (skilled in talk, so we are informed,)	" Nixon	" Nixon	" Martin
ANACONDA, (a recreant red man, rather serpentine,)	" Johnson	" Nelson	" Moore
TAPIOKEE, (La Belle Sauvage, the squalling Squaw of Metamora, killed with kindness.)	Mrs. John Brougham	Mrs. John Brougham	Miss Mary Hill
PAPPOOSE, (being the last of the Last of the Pollywogs,)	Miss Harriet Mace	Miss Harriet Mace	" Fanny Davenport

NOTE.— This highly successful burlesque was originally produced at the Adelphi, Boston, Nov. 29, 1847, and has since been performed throughout the Union not only by the gifted author, but by Mr. H. A. Perry, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, Mr. C. P. Salisbury, and many others.

So sharp, so loud, the bear dropped down and fell;
Pierced through the brain, he tumbled on his side,
Instantly fainted, gave a grunt, and died.
Wal. The nasty beast! What 'came of his remains?
Occ. The noble savage took them for his pains;
He said by his pigs he'd early been forsaken,
And so he'd eat the bear and save his bacon.
Wal. And very pretty pork methinks he'll make;
He's made, however, quite a large mistake:
He'd orter kept him until he was fat —
——— * knows perfectly how to manage that.
Vaughan. (*Without*, L.) Where on airth's she got tew?
Occ. O my precious wig!
Here comes papa: I'll quickly hop the twig. (*Runs out*, R. 1 E.)

Enter VAUGHAN, L.

Vau. Hello, young feller! what is this you're arter?
You hain't seed nuthin', hev you, of my darter?
A tarnal spry young critter did you see,
Pooty as paint, I swow, and just like me?
Wal. I scorn to lie, sir; and she has been here.
Vau. The deuse she has! What made her disappear?
Wal. I love her, sir, sincerely; that's a fact.
Vau. It's my belief, young feller, that you're cracked.
By tarnal jingo! here's a pretty fix.
You love my Oceana?
Wal. Yes, like bricks.
Vau. Then let me tell you, you confounded goose,
It ain't nohow the smallest sort of use;
I've gin her long ago to some one else.
So, you had best absquatulate, I guess.
Wal. I shall not stir.
Vau. You won't?
Wal. I won't! that's flat.
Vau. I'll knock you into quite a small cocked hat.
(*Prepares to rush on him.* METAMORA, *outside, exclaims,* "Ugh!" OCEANA *rushes on*, R., *alarmed.*)
Conglomeration! What on airth's the row?
Occ. O dearest father! walking home just now,
Thinking of nothing but the right *idee*,
To cook the flapjacks you so like at tea,
I saw a beast.
Wal. The brute!
Occ. I softly crept;
It was a weasel, and I thought he slept;
I tried to catch it, but — O sounds of dread ——

METAMORA, *outside*, "Ugh." *Enter*, R.

Met. Why this alarm? Don't fear; the critter's dead.

* Name of local hotel keeper.

Oce. (c.) Dead!
Met. As a herring. I knocked him on the head.
White-livered cowards, let your cheeks grow red!
He died like a Pollywog. He had to go,
Whether he liked the principle or no.
His death you'll have to answer for; one more
To the black list of injuries we bore,
Since the first white man trod upon our ground,
Rubbed out our footmarks, that now can't be found.
Vau. Come, that's unbusinesslike and rayther green;
We bought these diggin's — how long has it been?
Some hundred years, or thereabout, I guess.
Met. Nothing! an acre or a little less.
O, you're good buyers now, just as of old.
Pale-faces, tremble! you may yet be sold.
Vau. Look here, my friend, you raise my ebenezer;
And the probability is you'll catch a sneezer.
Met. Thou ancient humbug, did Metamora puff
A cloud of smoke, that blow would be enough
To send thy soul from out its prison there!
Be calm, the Pollywog knows when to spare.
Oce. Don't anger him.
Vau. Bah! I don't care a fig.
Oce. Think! he may scalp you.
Vau. Can't — I wear a wig.
I say, you Injine, jest git up your steam
And start, or else you'll find this child a team.
Met. Old man, you've got the fire-water on your brain:
You've drowned your senses.
Vau. Jingo! not a grain.
If you will fight, come on and mind your eye.
Met. Ha! Manito says it must be. Die!
(*Rushes on him.* OCEANA *interposes.*)
Oce. Majestic savage, spare, O spare my dad!
Or if you must take some one, take that lad.
Wal. No, sir! Emphatically I object to that.
Met. Metamora fights not, wars not with a rat.
The eagle, swooping through the upper sky,
Stoops not his mighty wing to catch a fly;
Nor can the red man's hatchet bend so low.
Metamora cannot see you, old man; go!
The spirit of revenge sits on my knife;
Yet, for this maiden's sake, I spare your life.
White squaw, approach! Don't tremble, for the storm
Is past, and Metamora's heart is warm.
Here, take this tail, plucked from a mongrel rooster.
Oce. With pleasure, savage. Tell me, pray, what use, sir?
Met. Wear this, and wheresoever be your path,
'Twill save the bearer from the red man's wrath.
Vau. Pooh! not a bit of it! it's all darned stuff!
Met. The Pollywog has said it. That's enough. (*Exit,* R.)

Vau. Jerusalem ! but that ere red-skinned varmint
Has given us a pretty tightish sarmint.
(*Sees* WALTER *pantomiming love to* OCEANA.)
Come, none of that ere sort of telegraphin' !
Get along home, miss ! I shan't stand no larfin'.
And you, sir ! take your walking ticket too.
Hello ! confound yeaour pictur ! stop that, yeaou !
(*Separates them. Exit* WALTER, L., OCEANA *and* VAUGHAN, R.)

SCENE II. — *Kitchen.* TAPIOKEE *and child discovered.*

Song, TAPIOKEE. *Air*, "*O, slumber, my darling.*"

O, slumber, my pappoose ! thy sire is not white ;
And that injures your prospects a very great sight ;
For the hills, and the dales, and the valleys you see,
They all were purloined, my dear pappoose, from thee.

O, slumber, my pappoose ! the time will soon come
When thy rest shall be broken by very bad rum ;
For, though in fair fighting the whites we beat down,
By a sling made of whiskey the red man is thrown.

Tap. Like evening, when the sun's last rays depart,
There's a deep gloom on Tapiokee's heart.
My husband is not here, nor do I know
What in the name of wonder keeps him so.
Sweet forest flower, why does your father stay ?
Child. Mamma, I do not know ; but I should say
You needn't put yourself in such a stew.
He's using up those pale-faces a few.
And when I have seen a few more snows,
I can go slaying also, I suppose.
Tap. Chip of the ancient block, life of my life,
Mayst never be whittled by a Yankee's knife.
Hark ! 'tis thy daddy's step ; unbar the door ;
I know it, though he's two rods off or more.
See to the venison pies and apple fritters,
And pour him out his tod of gin and bitters.

Enter METAMORA, D. *in* F.

Now, Pollywog, what news have you to tell ?
Met. Don't bother, wife ! I'm any thing but well.
I had a nap just now, and dreamed a dream.
O, how I wish it were what it did seem !
Methought the pale-faces were gathered all,
Unarmed, defenceless ; on them I did fall.
Pile after pile of dead I sent to sleep,
Their red scalps streaming in a gory heap.

From the gray morning to the set of sun,
I killed and killed, till there was left but one
Of all the mighty host. The craven, he
Cried out while down upon his bended knee ——
Tap. What said the craven?
Met. Why, what do you think?
He simply said, "Old fellow, let's take a drink."
With a loud yell the bonds of sleep I broke.
Tap. And then ——
Met. Why, then, as a matter of course, I woke.

Enter OLD TAR, *with telescope*, D. *in* F.

Tar. Shiver my timbers, son of Massasoit,
Blessed if I think your life is worth a doit.
Met. Why do you borrow the pale-face's cheek?
What makes the red man white? now, prythee, speak.
Tar. Splice my old pumps, you really take it cool!
Weigh anchor and sheer off, you tarnal fool!
There's a whole crowd of whites a-bearing down,
Scouring each Indian settlement and town;
They're steering here and on your very track!
Met. The Pollywog will never turn his back.
Say, where is Whiskee Toddi, skilled in talk?
Tar. Gone in the lager bier line in New York.
He says it's blarney, talking in that way.
He says you never give him aught to say.
(*Drum, without.*)
Shiver my timbers! Do you hear that drum?
Met. I hear it, and I answer, Let 'em come!
Let the pale-faces enter. I'll stay here.
With calumet and knife, I do not fear.
Tar. My eyes and limbs! but you're a pretty goose,
To stay here when there ain't no sort of use.
Such stupid conduct is what I call mush;
So I'll cut painter now.
Met. Pray do, and brush.
Good by, Old Tar.
Tar. Well, Pollywog, good by.
Take care of yourself; I've other fish to fry. (*Exit*, L. 1 E.)
(*Drum and fife, outside.*)

Enter BADENOUGH, WORSER, *and soldiers*, D. *in* F.; *march down* L.

Bad. (L. *corner, to soldiers.*) Stand to your arms!
Met. (R. C.) But why *stand* to me?
Wor. We're come to have a pleasant chat with thee,
Old Philip.
Met. What mean ye by Philip, you rude dogs?
I'm Metamora, chief of the Pollywogs.
My ears are open; what have you to say?

Bad. Our council's orders only we obey.
Met. And what are they?
Wor. Your presence they require;
So, prythee, quickly leave your kitchen fire,
And get a ticket for the railway car.
What answer do you send them?
Met. I'll be thar.
Bad. The ticket office we will quickly show,
If you will condescend to come.
Met. I know.
Wor. Don't make a muss; we can't return without you.
Met. Pale-faces, Metamora's promise doubt you?
For thirty winters I have breasted the cold wind,
And unto those who've spoken to me kind
I have been very yielding, like the willow,
Drooping o'er the streamlet's gentle billow.
You move with a single arm. Not so the rock
That does the tempest's rage and lightning mock.
Seek not by words the Pollywog to scare,
When his heart says No. I will be there.
Bad. O gammon! But you'll come then by and by,
And no mistake?
Met. The Pollywog can't lie.
(*Exeunt* BADENOUGH, WORSER, *and soldiers,* D. *in* F.)
Tap. Will Metamora brave the cruel law
The pale-faces have made?
Met. Wife, hold your jaw.
Give me the knife my father bore when he
Killed sheep for Keyzer in the Bowery.
(*Exit* METAMORA, L. 1 E., TAPIOKEE *and child,* R. 1 E.)

SCENE III. — *Chamber. Centre doors, 4th grooves. Table,* L. 2 E., *with books, paper, pen, and ink. Chairs,* R. *and* L. VAUGHAN *and* WALTER *at table.* BADENOUGH, WORSER, *soldiers, &c., seated,* R. *and* L. *Chorus, "Dan Tucker."*

We hardly can suppress our laughter;
We know right well what we are after.
Now, my friends, it's all *U P*
With Metamora — he, he, he!

Vau. 'Tis plain that savage chap hain't been to school.
Who would have thought him such a tarnal fool?
Bad. He sucked our gammon in as slick as grease.
Wor. I wish we had some more on 'em to fleece.
Vau. We ain't a-going to fleece 'em, understand;
We'll do the handsome thing, and buy their land.
Without a doubt he'll sell it for a trifle —
A few beads, nails, a penknife, or a rifle.
Bad. *Rifle's* a good word. Hello, he's here!
Of what shall we accuse him?

Wor. Never fear.
We'll cook his goose.

Enter METAMORA, C. D.

Met. You've sent for me, and I've come.
If you've nothing to say, I may as well go hum.
What is it makes your old men look so glum?
And your young warriors grasp their weapons so,
As if they feared the onset of the foe?
Metamora does by no means like this fun.
Come, tell me what the Pollywog has done.
Vau. Philip, 'tis thought to us that you don't cotton,
But rather like a possum you're complottin'
With some of them cantankerous Ingines
With us to kick up everlasting shines.
Met. The Pollywog can scarce believe his ears.
Do pale-faces take counsel from their fears?
Well, I've got nothing more to say.
Bad. In course we has.
Wor. So don't cut away.
Met. What is it?
Bad. The thing we'd understand —
Why you put arms into each red man's hand.
Met. To shoot with. It is not so great a sin
As yours has been. Who gave my people gin?
Who was it changed the Indian's native hue,
With such vile stuff, making the red man blue?
The mountain rivulet is made impure
By the foul steam that rises from your door.
Vau. Well, if you think sich things are really so,
Sell us your diggins right away, and go.
Met. Go whither, may I ask?
Vau. To Jericho.
Met. I will not stir; for Metamora owns
This very lot, and here will lay his bones.
Vau. Shall we dally with this pizin sarpint still?
Met. Your serpent hasn't lost its power to kill.
Bad. This is all nonsense.
Met. I'm going.
Vau. Hold!
There are some secrets that must yet be told.
Met. The Pollywog is listening.
Vau. How died
Old Sassinger?
Met. Ha, ha! The fool was fried;
Mustard, peppered, salted, and put down:
So should a sassinger be served — done brown.
Vau. Answer this question, savage, and be quick
About it.
Met. Go on.
Vau. Who threw that last brick?
Met. Why do you ask me this? What gain you by it?

Bad. We have a witness.
Wor. Yes, who saw you shy it.
Bad. A man well known, a first class hatter's son,
Bearing the name ——
Wor. Of William Patterson.
Bad. He will not answer. Why, then, need we stay?
Vau. I really don't know what on airth to say.
Met. Look at your book. Why, you don't know your part
The Pollywog has got his own by heart.
Vau. Bring in the witness. He denies his acts.

Enter ANACONDA, R. 1 E.

Now tell us what you know of these ere facts.
Met. Anaconda, are you the man — you know you are —
I treated yesterday at Parker's bar?
Brothers, can he speak words of truth to ye,
Filled full of cocktails that he got from me?
Vau. In course he can, and will, I'll bet a hat.
Met. Anaconda! — no; I will not call thee that.
Squirt! say by these people you are led,
Who've bought the sheep's tongue growing in thy head,
And you have uttered a confounded lie!
Well, goose, why don't you cackle? It is I
Command it — Metamora, and thy king!
Vau. Hold on, I say! He shan't do no sich thing;
In sich proceedings there ain't any sense.
He's frightening the witness. Send him hence.
Met. I'll do it. To the shades be thou a passenger!
Black slave of the whites, go follow Sassinger!
(*Stabs* ANACONDA, *who exit*, R. 1 E. METAMORA *rushes up stage. All in confusion.*)
White fools, beware! My knife has drunk the tide
Of treacherous blood, yet is not satisfied.
The spirits of the mighty Pollywog
Stretch out their cowhides long your race to flog.
And the big flood of the wild Indian's wrath,
Like Mississippi's, still shall swamp your path!
The war-whoop startle you from dreams at night,
And the red hatchet in the horrid light
Of blazing dwellings gleam! From east to west,
From the north to the south you never shall know rest,
But hear the cry of vengeance, feel the lash,
Till, for the lands you've stolen, you've paid the cash.
Ye chalked-faced humbugs, tremble from this hour!
I smite your nation and defy your power!
(*Throws hatchet in stage. Soldiers go down, cross front, and present muskets to* METAMORA, *who seizes* VAUGHAN *and holds him forward as a shield. They fire.*)

TABLEAU.

Quick Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Wood in third grooves.*

Enter FITZFADDLE, *with a parasol over his head,* L. 1 E.

Fitz. Dear me! what sultry weather 'tis for June!
I fear I soon should be a used-up coon.
Where is my love, the beauteous Oceana?
She cuts me in a most peculiar manner.
But that the thing's impossible, I'd say
There's probably a rival in the way.
It is not in the cards for me to fail.
Who could resist *cette magnifique coup d'œil?*

Enter OCEANA, L. 1 E.

Comment vous portez-vous ce jour, ma chere?
Je suis ravi de vous voir, by gar!
Oce. Don't talk your foreign gibberish to me.
Fitz. Don't call it gibberish, *ma belle amie*;
'Tis French, *ma chere*, a pretty tongue, and gay,
La langue du cœur, d'amour, et liberté.
Oce. I don't know what you say. Give over, do.
Fitz. Idole de ma vie! ah, je vous aime beaucoup.

Enter VAUGHAN, L. 1 E.

Vau. That's right, now; coo away, my turtle doves;
You match each other like a pair of gloves.
Oce. They must be odd ones, then, papa, that's all,
For that "kid" don't agree with me at all.
Fitz. O, *parlez* not so! *misérable moi!*
Vous êtes très cruelle, mademoiselle. Pourquoi?
Vau. Eternal pickles upon sich a tongue!
If I know what he says, may I be hung!
Say, if you want Miss Oceana's hand,
Jest jerk a lingo we can understand.
Fitz. Pardonnez-moi, mon père that is to be.
Vau. Speak English, darn yer pictur!
Fitz. *Oui*, sir-ee.
Vau. Then do it quick!
Oce. "Nor leave the task to me."
Vau. At once, then, children, let me join your hands.
Oce. Forbear a moment; I forbid the banns.
Vau. What for? By gracious, this is rather cool!
Oce. Because I don't exactly like a fool.
Fitz. Mort de ma vie! I mean that's rather rude.
Oce. I'm glad you find it so; I meant you should.
Fitz. Monsieur, that is, Sir, have I your consent?

Vau. I told you so before. (*Goes up and comes down* R. *corner.*)
Fitz. Then I'm content.
She shall be mine.
Oce. She shan't!
Fitz. Why, then, I swear
I must use violence! *Sacre tonnerre!*
Oce. Is there no help? Walter, on thee I call.

Enter WALTER, L. 1 E.

Wal. Walter's beside thee, love. No need to bawl.
Vau. Tear them asunder quickly! That's the way
I've seen the thing done often in a play.
Wal. My love, in vain I try thy grief to soothe.
Oce. The course of true love never did run smooth.
(*Indian yell without,* R. 2 E.)

Enter METAMORA, OLD TAR, *and Indians,* R. 2 E.

Met. Down with them all! Scalp every mother's son!
Oce. And serve 'em right! But what have the daughters done?
Met. Don't spare a soul, not e'en the squaw so pale.
Oce. Stop! don't you recollect this rooster's tail?
I place it here upon my father's breast.
Met. Nuff sed. The Pollywog respects the past.
Away, and quit my sight! my rage shall cease.
But for that tail, you all were quite gone geese.
To save your lives is now, I know, absurd,
But Metamora never broke his word.
(*Exeunt* WALTER, VAUGHAN, *and* OCEANA, L. 1 E. *Business, and* METAMORA *exit,* R. 2 E. *Business of* FITZFADDLE *and Indians, after which all exeunt,* R. 2 E.)

SCENE II. — *Front Wood.*

Enter BADENOUGH *and* WORSER, L. 3 E., *dragging in* TAPIOKEE.

Bad. (R.) Come, now, we'll shoot you if we don't obtain
Your name.
Tap. (C.) Poor Indian cannot help the pain,
But she can do what few can do among
Your white squaws.
Wor. (L.) What's that?
Tap. She can hold her tongue.
Bad. It's very easy for you to say that.
But that you won't I'm free to bet a hat.
Tap. Won't what?
Bad. Keep silent for a moment steady.
Tap. Done for a hat.
Bad. You've lost it, ma'am, already.

Tap. The white man is a fox in these abodes.
Bad. I'll trouble you to name your hatter.
Tap. Rhoades.
Bad. I'll stick you for a *V*, then, by and by.
But now to business, ma'am: prepare to die.

Enter VAUGHAN, WALTER, *and* FITZFADDLE, L. 1 E.

Vau. Who are you talking to in that ere lingo?
It's Metamora's squaw, by tarnal jingo!
He spared our lives, and 'tis but right we should
Kill off his squaw to show our gratitude.
(TAPIOKEE *kneels to* FITZFADDLE, *who repulses her. Business.*)

Enter METAMORA, *with rifle, hurriedly,* R. 2 E.

Met. Hello, here! which of you has lived too long?
Pale-faces, this is coming it too strong.
One tear from Tapiokee, and, by thunder,
The axe shall hew your quivering limbs asunder.
One hair from Tapiokee's head, you'll find
The ashes of your bones upon the wind!
Ye lily-livered crew, go! quit my sight!
You'd best; the Pollywog is full of fight!
(*Exeunt all but* METAMORA *and* TAPIOKEE.)
Tap. Worn with fatigue the Pollywog must be.
Shall Tapiokee make a cup of tea?
Met. No, my love, no; my nerves are too refined:
They cannot bear excitement of that kind.

Enter OLD TAR, L. 1 E.

Old Tar, my hearty, what have you got new?
Tar. Something that's pretty sartin to rile you:
You know Kantshine, the medicine man, who fills
Our hold with Indian Vegetable Pills!
Met. I do.
Tar. He's in a most amazin' fright,
The swob, from something that took place last night.
He comes a-bearing down upon the swell,
Just like a seventy-four, that same to tell.

Enter KANTSHINE, L. 1 E.

Met. Old hoss, have you been walking in your sleep?
Or are you mesmerized? He's tight's a peep!
Kant. It's nothing of the sort; so there you're out.
Met. Well, then, what makes you waddle so about?
Kant. The Smiths have with the Joneses met, and Brown,
Jones, Black, and White, to pull the red man down.

In point of fact, — and here my story ends, —
We're flummuxed, and we haven't got no friends.
Met. Flummuxed! Ha! why do you think this? Ho!

Enter Indians, R. 1 E.

Kant. Why, last night, feeling sort of how-came-you-so,
Considerably corned and rather fly,
They in the bar room wouldn't let me lie;
And ere I could a single sentence utter,
They flung me headlong out into the gutter;
And there I saw a poor benighted pig
Food from the pavement trying for to dig,
But couldn't come it. When the beast I saw,
I thought of you, and bellowed out, "*Hi-yaw!*"
He cut and ran, which tells me, without fail,
The whites will win, the Pollywog turn tail.
Met. And have you spread about this rigmarole?
Kant. I didn't do nothin' else.
Met. You stupid fool!
Begone! you make the air unwholesome round
The Frog Pond.
Kant. Then blow me if I'm found
About these diggins long. My patience welts.
By Judas! I'll be off to catch some smelts. (*Exit,* L. 1 E.)
Met. Why do you hang your head? Is it for fear?
Tap. It's more than probable, I think, my dear.
Met. Say, is it your intention to show fight?
Tar. Well, then, I rather guess we won't to-night.
Since on life's voyage this 'ere child was shipped,
He hasn't seen no fun in getting whipped.
Tap. Can it be possible the Pollywog
Will scoot from danger like a ditch-born frog?
If you don't quickly rush upon the foe,
I swear to gracious, I myself will go,
And with my single arm strike thousands down,
Until the whites are done exceeding brown. (*Exit,* L. 1 E.)
Met. Rouse up, ye Pollywogs! for, like a coal,
A woman's words have kindled up my soul!
A burning heat, more terrible by far
Than blazing mountain or a lit cigar.
Go, warriors, and recollect the eye
Of a Howard Athenæum audience is on ye. Fly!
(*Exeunt all but* METAMORA, L. 1 E.)
It's very probable you'd like to know
The reason why the Pollywog don't go
With his red brethren. Pray take notice, each,
He stops behind to have an exit speech.
And here it is: — (*Takes stage.*)
Into the foe a feet or two I'll walk!
Death or my nation's glory! That's the talk. (*Exit,* L. 1 E.)

SCENE III. — *Landscape, fifth groove. Bridge across stage with return piece,* L.

TAPIOKEE *and child discovered,* R. U. E.

Song, TAPIOKEE.

Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top;
I've got no cradle, so thee I must rock;
If the whites come, upon us they'll fall,
Then down will go baby, mamma, and all.

Tap. Wake up! Good gracious me! I do declare!
In this last sleep, I've lost my son and heir.
Well, I must bear it calmly, I suppose.
Child. Ma! ma!
Tap. Well, what?
Child. I want to scratch my nose.

Enter METAMORA, L. U. E.

Met. My forest flower, why do you look so sad?
Tap. Alas! look there! No longer you're a dad.
Met. What! dead! The Pollywog is now bereft
Of all. There's no more of the same sort left.
If fate had not come first, I should have had,
With my own knife, to slay the gentle lad.
Tap. Do tell! What for?
Met. To others we'll give place.
The Pollywogs have wriggled through their race.

Enter FITZFADDLE, L. 1 E.

Fitz. *Nom du diable!* I have lost my way.
Tap. That is the man insulted me to-day.
Met. Ha! the fierce spirit's howling for its prey!
Fitz. *Mon cher homme rouge, quel est le joli* row?
Met. I have no time to listen to you now.
Fitz. What have I done? You'll tell me, I suppose?
Met. Didn't you put your thumb up to your nose,
And tear your skirt away when she clung to it?
Fitz. No, no, no.
Met. No! Liar, I saw you do it!
Take your change of this. (*Stabs him.*)
Fitz. Be quiet, do!
I'm settled. *Je suis un mouton perdu.* (*Dies, left corner.*)
Met. Don't you feel honored, sir? You've lost your life,
And by no common weapon — Metamora's knife.
(*Noise without,* "Follow, follow!")
Hark! the pale-faces come. My wife and I,

I have reason to suppose, must shortly die.
My Tapiokee, would you like to make
Vile pumpkin pies, or hominy, or bake
Innocent sheep to feed the appetites
Of the insatiate and carnivorous whites?

Tap. I rather guess I wouldn't. I'll tell why:
You've often told me never to say die.
If it amuses you my blood to shed,
Don't say another word, but go ahead.

(METAMORA *stabs her; she falls and dies,* R. 3 E.)

(VAUGHAN, WALTER, OCEANA, BADENOUGH, WORSER, OLD TAR, KANTSHINE, *soldiers, and Indians, cross bridge from* R., *and come down* L.)

Vau. Philip, you're our captive. Nary bail.
Come, lads, just quick convey him to the jail.
Fitzfaddle dead! O, cry, you villain deep.

Met. Pooh! nonsense, sir. I did it in my sleep.

Vau. Humbug! My friends, that gammon will not do.
Why don't you grab him now, you lazy crew?

Met. "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!"
Stay, stay! I find I've made a small mistake.
These lines are in the Lady of the Lake.

Bad. Come, let us take you quickly to the jail.

Met. Metamora, pale-face, don't mean to turn tail.

Wor. Come and be hanged, then, right off, won't you?

Met. No.

Vau. Well, if the fool will neither stay nor go,
Let's shoot him in the cranium or the eye.

Bad. Nuff sed.

Met. The Pollywog don't fear to die.

(METAMORA *goes up* C., *and takes his ground firmly.* BADENOUGH *advances first, and snaps musket, then crosses to* R. *corner.* WORSER *does the same. At each shot,* METAMORA *jumps and staggers as if shot.* VAUGHAN *goes up and snaps pistol at him.* METAMORA *jumps very high and falls,* C. BADENOUGH, WORSER, *and* VAUGHAN *go up stage, and shoot him with popguns.*)

Vau. That's killed him.

Met. Not quite, but near enough, I hope.
I feel it's almost time for me to slope.
The red man's fading out, and in his place
There comes a bigger, not a better, race.
Just as you've seen the squirming Pollywog
In course of time become a bloated frog. (*Dies.*)

(*Burlesque combat by every body; all fall and die.*)

Chorus, "We're all nodding."

We're all dying, die, die, dying,
We're all dying just like a flock of sheep.

Solo, METAMORA.

You're all lying, lie, lie, lying,
You're all lying; I wouldn't die so cheap.

Met. (*Rises.*) Confound your skins, I will not die to please you.
Tap. (*Rises.*) I shall get up too, if that is your game.
Vau. (*Rises.*) That's a good move, and so I'll do the same.
(*All rise.*)

Met. And nothing now remains for us to do
But make the usual appeal to you.
Although they tell us money now is tight,
Do pray accept our little bill to-night.
You "*Pocahontas*" saved. I'm an implorer
That you will do as much for "*Metamora.*"

FINALE.

Solo, METAMORA.

If you would look out for pleasure,
Come in here, each jolly, jolly dog,
And you'll find it without measure,
To support the Pollywog.

Chorus.

Pollywog, Polly, Polly, Pollywog, &c.

Comic Dance.

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

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